THE SEA.

The word of the sweetest songs, and all songs, That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet, The sea whispered me.

-Walt Whitman.

JIM NO. 1 AND JIM NO. 2.

"It is true, M. Roger, if ever you should do anything evil to Jim I should hate you, and I'd never forgive you, never, never!" And Mile. Armande Plagnolles nonchalantly threw herself back in her chair and passed her taper finger with caressing gentle across the lustrous and downy skin of Mas-

The cat-a superb cat, jet black from head to tail, so black that in certain lights his fur gave out metallic reflections—purred louder and louder, stretched out his paws, of a pearlish white, and blinked at Roger in a way that seemed to say: "Try it, my friend; try it; you'll get the worst of it certain?"

Not at all alarmed by the threat and the

wicked look in Jim's eyes, M. Roger de Gramont responded hypocritically:
"Evil to Jim! Nover! What made you think it?" And he, too, advanced his hand to stroke the cat, perficiously hoping, of course, to touch instead the fingers of its beautiful

And she was pretty, truly, adorably pretty, this Mile. Armande de Piagnolles; a demi-blonde with red-brown hair, curling and twisting into the most enchanting waves; rather tall, neither fat nor lean, and with eyes of astonishing depth and color.

Roger de Gramont, on his side, was good looking, accomplished, well built, broad shouldered, with limbs supple and vigorous. Roger advanced his hand, as I've told you, and Jim received it, not with the dignity you would expect from the throne he occupied, but with a masterly stroke of his claw that opened the flesh to the bone and made the blood fly.

"The miserable beast!" cried the young man indignantly, for once unable to repress

The property of the De Gramont family was considerably larger than the chateau, or villa, rather, of the Plagnolies estate, and stood in a vast park rolling and wooded, and with an extended view of the Seine. Roger was wrong in laughing at Armande on account of her passion for Jim, for he himself was bringing up with jealous care, in a distant corner of this same park, inclosed with high trellises, a colony of pheasants of every country, form and tint. It was a mania with him and which he had taken to his heart with all a collector's ardent passion, and a veritable delight it was to him to conceal himself behind a thicket of juniper trees in that well hedged corner and watch the movements of his beautiful lady Hamersts with their variegated ruffs, or his Veneres with their brilliant colors. And there is nothing to laugh at, I assure you, in this little craze of my hero, Roger, for I, as well as every one else, knew that the rest of his manins were not a whit less respectable than this,

The morning following his visit to Plagnolles and Jim, as he was preparing to make his usual call on his pheasants, the keeper stood before him, cap in hand.

along the paling! "What!" cried Roger angrily, "another of

my phensants last night! See here, La Bran-che, this won't do! Whom do you suspect The keeper shook his head. "Nobody, sir, but Pichou," said he; "it couldn't be any one else. Pichou's the worst and the most suc-

cossful poncher in the country."
"But three of them—three of them in four days!" continued De Grantont.
"Thanks to Pichou, sir," persisted the

guard; "Pichou's got 'em certain, sir; be always has,"

The evening of the same day peace was de-clared between the two lovers. Roger re-is discovered; your embarrassment, your turned in an excellent humor, only to find himself the next morning in a violent ragethey had gotten a fourth pheasant; more than that, two of his handsome cocks were seended to the garden. She has seen the wounded in the wing and loft behind them as substitute for Jim and been seized with a they walked a trail of blood,

had been for four nights past, Roger installed himself in ambush with his gun charged with

the heaviest balls. the heaviest balls.

The wait was long; two hours rolled themall will be forgiven. Thine,

PLAGNOLLES. selves into three, then three into four, and the young man was beginning to consign to the devil all the pheasants as well as all the ponchers in the world, when a singular noise, a soft metallic clicking, set him trembling. Something," he said to himself, "something light as a sylph is climbing the trellis!" and, as well as he could for the darkness, he aimed and fired, and was answered by a cat-

erwauling, flerce, prolonged, luguistions, succeeded by the rattle of double. "Good!" he muttered; "it wasa't Pichou at all, but a thievish cat. He's done for, at any rate!" and he continued to wait! not long, however, for summer nights are short and fleeting, and already a bluish haze upon the horizon announced the dawn. A few minutes later a clear light penetrated the leaves, and there in the middle of a thicket of rose tress Roger perceived the body of his victim. It was big, it was black-very black; his heart beat quickly; he foresaw, he divined, the catastrophe. He approached hastily. No more doubt about it; it was Jim, the adored Jim, the "cherished pet," shot in the middle of the head—cold and life-

"Well," murmured Roger, contemplating him ruefully, "a beautiful mess I've made of it?" and to run to the tool house, seize and return with a spade was the work of an in stant; five minutes more and Jim reposed at peace beneath the earth forever.

When M. de Gramont made his usual even-

ing call at Plagnolies the house was in commotion, everybody from cook to chamber-maid, valet and stable boy vamily seeking Jim; and the parents were wild with fright, for Armande herself was dissolved in hyster-

"Ah!" she cried at sight of Roger, happy to hold in her hand at last one whom she could make into a fellow sufferer; "it is you, is it? You, who will be delighted to bear of it-you, who have never been able to endure And immediately there was a new quarrel on the carpet, in which, as Roger was decidedly opres and guiltily unhappy, he got the worst of it. Armande worried him feroclously, going to the length of declaring that till Jim-always Jim-was found she did not even care to see him—that is, unless he would promise to hunt for Jim, in which case

she would promise to recompense him. After a morning visit, more unfortunate still than the evening one, Reger told himself that something must be done; the situation was simply unendurable. He ran to the sta-tion, boarded a train, arrived at Paris, and an hour later, at the shop of M. M., a merchant who dealt in birds, dogs and divers other animals, among them a cat-a superb cat, black all over, claws white, eyes yellow; in short, Jim's twin in every particular, Roger had no time to waste in explanations. How much? said he, standing before it

delightedly. "One hundred frames, monsieur," replied

the merchant. In a basket, hermetically closed and tied, be carried away his purchase, regalized the train, and then Maissons as soon as possible.

Truly, he had done well! Jim was restored - Jim No 2; everything would be right now with that pretty creature, Armande, whom, truly, he adored! and thinking thus, as night had come, he approached the villa. Not a soul was to be seen. He seized his burden by the neck and with a vigorous hand

launched it across the wall that surrounded

the Piagnolles garden.

"Jim was found! Jim had returned!" Such was the salutation of his beautiful sweetheart at the usual morning visit.
"And he was-where!" demanded M. de Gramont, calmly.

remain upon my lap at any price. No mat-ter; he is here! It is all I care for. Be-sides, I'll caress him so much he'll forget the fright he has suffered. And now be frie I was wrong to be cross with you, but you see I thought you had done an evil turn to my poor, dear Jim?" Roger stifled an "oh!" of fright in an "oh!"

one, gets under the furniture, and refuses to

of horror. Thus was peace signed that en-dured this time at the Villa Plagnolles Roger simply swam in a tide of tendernes and Armande was growing almost melan-choly under the pressing demands of this lover, who supplicated her ceaselessly. She had not as yet pronounced the sacramental yes, neither had she said him nay.

One evening, when M. de Gramont had shown himself unusually urgent and passionate in his wooing, she allowed him to take her hand and murmured, with a voice that was slightly tremulous, "To-morrow, Roger, to-morrow, I will give you an answer; I promise it!" and, ma foil M. de Gramont was reasonably certain this response would be the one he had so long desired and

The night was long-the morning more so and as soon as les convenances permitted it Roger presented himself at the villa. What else could you expect him to do! It was s case of marriage, you see, and he was in a

But the villa; well, the villa was topsy turvy. "Mile Armande could see no one," was the announcement at the door, and in the garden the domestics were all assembled curiously regarding something in the middle of a great cluster of peonies in the corner of

Jim, the false Jim, or rather Jim No. 2, as be saw the moment he approached, accom-panied—his legs trembled under him as he counted the catastrophe—by six little cats. evidently just brought into the world, and which Jim was licking lovingly.

M. de Grament had not made sufficient in-quirles. Pressed by the train hour, and without a second to lose, he had contented him-self with asking "how much?" and now, scarlet with embarrassment, thunderstruck at the turn of affairs, he stood there, the gaze of the servants bent upon him curiously, an inner voice crying in his ear:

"A nice mess you've made of it! What will you do now! What will become of you! The kitchen and the office laugh together: they accuse you already; they knew before you the habits of the true Jim, his passionate taste for the chase. Deduction is the simplest thing in the world; they devise instinctively the facts of the case; the death of the poncher, the substitution of this interesting mother!

Poor Rogeri poor unhappy lover! He dared not lift his eyes for fear of encounter-ing Armande's at the window, and remained there unable to tear his gaze from that young and interesting family! Maternity had plainly sweetened the nature of the cat; it was no longer the least in the world ferocious but lay there continuing to caress her chil-dren and to fix her yellow eyeballs upon Roger with an air of positively thanking him for having shaped her lot and landing her in so comfortable a place.

All these thoughts buzzed in the brain of

"Monsieur Rogor," he said, "they got M. de Gramont like a swarm of bees; to another one last night; I found the feathers struggle against fate was useless; this last stroke finished him. He yielded; he abandoned everything, and, tearing himself from the spot to which he had been nailed, he ran without a word, without a gesture, without turning his head even; yes, ran with all his legs, gained the gate, the outer road and disappeared. Returned to his room he fell upon a chair and wiped his brow, from om which the sweat ran in streams.

An hour later there was a knock at the door and a servant entered with an urgent letter from M. de Plagnelles. "My death sentence!" thought Roger, holding out a hesitating hand.

fright, your flight betrayed you. Armande was furious, cried hysterically; swore she would never see you again. Then she debey walked a trail of blood.

Happen again? Not much, if he could help mad about them already; intends to raise them a collection of good English namesthe only suitable ones, she contends, to be-stow upon the feline race. Come quickly-

Happiness is not to be described, and

A month later the marriage was solemnized, and a year later the young Mme. de Gramont renounced of her own accord the one doubtless divines why.—Translated from the French of Pracelel by E. C. Waggener for New York Mercury.

The Cottagers of Dunvegan. We went the next day to Dunvegan. The

road lay over long miles of moors, with now and then beautiful distant views of the mountains of Harris, but pale blue shadows on the western horizon, and of the high peaks of the Cuchullins, dark and somber above the moorland.

Here and there at long intervals we came to the wretched groups of cottages we had begun to know so well. Old witch like women and young girls passed, bent double under loads of peat or senwood, so heavy that were the same thing seen in Italy, English people would long since have filled columns of The Times with their sympathy. As it is, these burdens are accepted as a matter of course, or sometimes even as but one of the many picturesque elements of Highland life. From one writer one hears of the Skye lassies, half hidden under bundles of heather, stopping to laugh and chatter. From another, of Lewis women knitting contentedly as they walked along with creels, bearing burdens that would have appailed a railway porter of the south, strapped to their backs. We saw to smiles, no signs of contentment. On the faces of the strongest women there was a look of weariness and of pain. But perhaps the most pathetic faces in this land of sorrow were those of the children, already pinched

and careworn. The chief complaint was the same wher-ever we went. "We have not enough land; we could and would pay rent willingly if we had more ground to cultivate. As it is, our crofts are not large enough to keep us in food " The outside world has been busy watching the battle in Ireland. Little attention has been spared to the Highlands -Elisabeth Robbins Pennell in Harper's Mag-

WE TWO.

Why should we grieve, we two, if all the world Passed grim and frowning by, and on us hurled Rough shards and stones, unmerited rebuil? We still should joy, for is not love enough?

Yes, love is everything to you and me,

What is to be, let what will disappear. Love cannot die; that always will be clear. What if all else should die: the moon and sun Should fade, yet would we still be one, And the fervor of our passion sweet Would laugh at death, since life would be com-

-Boston Globe seeing Rim an Injustice. Dumley (who proposes to "strike" Brown for \$20;--Brown, I'm in bad shape, and I want you to do me a favor.

Brown-Anything, Dumley, anything, but lend you money; I'm hard up myself. Dumley (who sees his case is hopeless)— Brown, did I ask you to lend me any money! Did I say a single word about money! The favor I was about to ask is-but never mind -never mind-igoes off with a touching air of having been misjudged).-Life.

THE STOVE'S HISTORY.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WONDER-FUL IMPROVEMENTS MADE. "Stelen, of course, and beaten besides, for he's savage and wicked, bides from every

The Stove Practically Unknown in This Country Fifty Years Ago-Littlefield's Crude Invention-Davy's Discovery-The Favorite Styles of Today.

What nowadays appears as a prime necessity of life was practically unknown in this country fifty years ago. A good many people are still alive who will remember the first introduction of the stove to an American audience. It is true there were stoves in this country even in ante-revolutionary times, but they were imported from Europe; they were clumsy and unsatisfactory, acwere few and far between. Just about fifty years ago stoves-cooking and heating stove -first began to be generally used. That was when Americans began to make stoves for the home market. And how modest were these beginnings! The cooking stove first in vogue was a sort of pot, covered, and hot ashes were used to fill the pan, and thus the baking and the roasting was done. The "Dutch ovens" of that time were certainly imple enough. Then came the "step stoves, having two steps on them, very free-andeasy affairs.

The first parlor stoves, too, came into use about fifty years ago. The first and largest sale made of these were so called surface burners. They continued to be popular for about a score of years, and were then thought the of perfection in stove construction. Then they began to be displaced by the sen-feeding burners, first introduced thirty years ago. Dennis Littlefield in Albany, N. Y., took the initiative in this respect. He called them "railroad beaters" and they were, for a Then they began to be displaced by the self spell, mainly used in railroad depots and on trains. Littlefield got a big reputation on the strength of this stove, and made, what was even of more importance to him, a big pile of money by their manufacture. It was thought at that time, and for years after, that this stove (which was a rather clumsy affair at best) was his own invention, and he got much credit for it. But one day a young man in Albany, employed in a rival lishment, when searching through the libraries, came across a foreign book in which were drawings of a stove similar in construction, only more perfect and handsome than Littlefield's. He told his employers about it, and they, quickly and without letting any body become the wiser, set about manufac turing better and more perfect stoves than Littlefield's. They were sued and in court they told of their discovery. They went on making their stoves then without let or hindrance. The firm made a big fortune. From that time on one small improvement after another has been made in stove building, but in the main the stove of today is just what it was thirty years ago.

The genesis of the modern stove goes back to the days of Sir Humphrey Davy. Coal was something new and untried then. Ex-plosions with deadly results in the collieries were things of daily occurrence. Only soft coal was known as fuel, and several big companies had bankrupted themselves in the vain endeavor to introduce bard coal as fuel. Then it was that the English parliament made a liberal appropriation for the purpose of having Sir Humphrey Davy, the eminent chemist and inventor, ascertain the exact properties of coal. His safety lamp, to be used in mines for the prevention of explosions, was one result and the parent

of the stove of today was another. The gas stove is as yet in its infancy. The theory of scientific men is, of course, that fuel reduced to gas and then used for heating purposes is really the most economical way of unliking fuel. But, practically, this theory has not yet been demonstrated. The gas companies make the gas and charge much more for it than it is really worth. Again, many of the gas heaters are bad in a sanitary sense, as they constantly rob the air in the room of its oxygen, a most indispensable element, without replacing it in any way. Thus, practically, the gas stove is still a thing of the future.

But what a variety of coal stoves there are! The ware rooms on Lake street which the reporter visited contained alone about 500 varieties, and there are hundreds more which were not there represented. Beginning with the best and most high priced, the self feeders, they are now made so as to suit all fastes and nearly all pocket books. When first introduced, about thirty years ago, they were round in shape. Then the back part of the stove began to swell out, so as to put ascending and descending flues in and to fit them with double bottoms. In this way the radiating surface for the heat was increased and the heating capacity of the stove heightened. Some five or six years ago the square stoves of the same pattern were introduced. They first came out in New England. They were square in shape and had a square chamber. This style soems to have originated so as to correspond with the change in fashion in furniture. This class of stove had, however, but a short run. It was followed by a modification in style, leaving the stove itself still square, or nearly so, but making the fire chamber again oval

Another kind of stove is the "surface burner." It is not self feeding, but a base heating and surface burning stove. In New England, where people practice economy more scientifically and consistently than we people of the west, this stove is considered the most economical-i e., giving the greatest heat for the amount of fuel consumed. style of stove is usually made with a cast iron base, square, with rounded corners, double bottom, the upper part of sheet iron, lower part lined with cylinder brick, makin the fire part very strong and durable, and

giving much radiating surface.

A cheaper kind of stove is made, known to the trade as the cylinder stove. The bottom and ash pot of this stove are made of cast iron, while the body of the stove is formed of sheet iron in a cylindrical shape. The bottom is used for a fire chamber and is brick lined. This stove is cheaper, because there is no diving flue and no double bottom—simply a direct draught. This stove, though cheaper in cost, is not so economical. It is, however, a very good ventilator, and is, perhaps, on that account the most appropriate stove for places where many people usually assemble, such as depots, public halls, saloons, etc. The cast iron cylinder or cannon stoves are used in the west mostly for soft coal. They heat very quickly and are durable, besides being Then there are the wood heaters, which are made in great variety and at every price.—Chicago Herald.

No, Ethel, Calcutta girls do not wear icdia rubbers when they walk out in the rain. The wear pumps.—Harper's Bezar.

Employes of the Railroads. The employes of the railroads are a world within themselves, having griefs, ambitions, hopes and rewards that are familiar, and yet they are divided into little worlds of their own. For instance, a young man entering the clerical department lives to become a chief clerk, an auditor, treasurer, or other fiscal officer. The locomotive fireman be-comes in time an engineer. The freight brakeman expects to become a freight con-ductor, and the freight conductor looks forwand to the day when he will runa passenger train. The passenger brakeman readily be-comes a freight conductor. The engineer ex-pects some day to be master mechanic. The pects some day to be master mechanic. The pussenger conductor may become a master of transportation. The switchman develops into a yardmaster, and then perhaps a division superintendent. The lines are broadly drawn. The instances of men rising from the brakes to the superintendency and presidence and the read as did A. A. Tolmass are dency of the road, as did A. A. Talmage, are so few as to be notehic.—Passenger Agent in

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HABITS OF THE TIGER.

The Mode in Which It Kills and Eats

Its Prey.
In a paper read before the Bombay Natural History society recently, and published in its journal, Mr. Inverarity, a noted shikari, discussed the habits of the tiger, and especially the mode in which it kills and eats its prey, Some think he seizes by throat, others by the nape of the neck from above. Mr. Inverarity has examined scores of slain animals, with special reference to this point, and in every case but one the throat was seized from below. Whether dislocation of the neck takes place is doubtful. The tame hunting leopards always kill by pressure on the windpipe, without breaking the skin; possibly the tiger kills in the same way. It is only by accident, if at all, that tigers in killing sever any important vein or artery, and no blood to

peak of flows from the throat wounds. Having killed, the tiger almost invariably begins eating a hind quarter, consuming one or probably both. Animals are never eaten where they are killed, but are always dragged a short distance. They are not lifted clear of the ground, but dragged. Having gorged himself, the tiger sometimes lies close by his prey, but if it is hot weather and there are hills in the neighborhood, he will go a long distance off before resting for the day. He returns next night and finishes what is left, but he never eats a second time in the same spot, dragging the remains of the prey forty or fifty yards off. The tiger takes about two hours' steady eating to finish the fore quarters of a bullock. Tigers are cannibals; they will make their meals off each other. They are supposed to kill once in five or six days, and no doubt the tiger, after a heavy feed, does not care to hunt much for a few days; but a tiger kills when-ever ho.can. They have been known to kill

on fourteen consecutive nights.

Mr. Inverarity believes that animals killed by tigers suffer little beyond the panic of a few seconds. The shock produces a stapor and dreaminess, in which there is no sense of pain or feeling of terror. The powerful stroke of the fore paw of the tiger is a fiction: he clutches with his claws, as one might with the fingers, but does not strike a blow. Tigers wander immense distances at night, and as they like easy going they go on the roads and paths. They do not like to move during the heat of the day, as the hot ground burns their pads and makes them raw. They can on occasion climb trees. In Salsette one climbed after a certain Pandoo, but could thinking the coast clear, got down and ran loward home, but on the way was caught by the tiger and killed. The inquest report stated that "Pandoo died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death Nothing was left except some fingers, which probably belonged to the right or left hand." Natives have a belief that the ghosts of the man eater's victime ride in his head and warn him of danger, or point the way to fresh victims .- Pall Mall Gazette

Extravagant. A fellow as was ever seen; And, ever traveling for pleasure, He each expenditure would measure "Last week I to Chicago went,"
He said, "and what d' you think I spent!"
His friend replied: "I cannot say—
Perhaps you spent about a day!"

Could Afford to Wear Any Kind. "The young man who accompanied you to church last evening, Laura," said Miss Gar-linghouse, "has a fine, intellectual face, but it seemed to me that his pardon me-his trousers were somewhat baczy at the knees."
"Quite likely, Irene," repled Miss Kajones,
with some hauteur. "Mr. Hankinson is, if I

mistake not, one of the beaviest stockholders in the Bagging trust." —Chicago Tribuna

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